

# Press-Herald

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## Busy Helping Others

Like many other individuals and organizations, the Torrance YMCA is finding this a very busy time of the year.

It is easy to associate the YMCA programs with summer camps and other outings, but the fall and winter months also prove busy times for hundreds and hundreds Torrance YMCA families.

Right now, as an example, the YMCA is busy preparing for a trip to Arizona to take warm clothing, food, and Christmas toys to Navajo Indians there—the tenth year the Torrance YMCA has made this a Christmas project. An area-wide operation yesterday to collect material for the Needy Navajo Project was conducted by members of REACT, the South Bay Radio Emergency Citizens Team.

One of the busiest YMCA activities this time of the year is their Christmas tree sales lots, the main one at 2900 W. Sepulveda, the site of the new YMCA center now under construction.

Those families who haven't selected a tree yet might find it worthwhile to visit the main YMCA tree lot or other lots at Hawthorne and Sepulveda or at 180th Street and Crenshaw. The tree lots are a major source of income to the YMCA.

All this while, the regular YMCA programs with the community's youth are going on each day, serving literally thousands of our young people.

The YMCA is not alone in its efforts to emphasize the good in people, but we think their activities can be taken as guideposts at this holiday season. The fervent attention to helping people which marks the YMCA is the embodiment of the message of Christmas.

## GUEST EDITORIAL

### Press Responsibility

By J. M. CORNWELL  
Murray (Utah) Eagle

Some people regard newspapers as public servants. In fact, some newspapers refer to themselves in this manner.

Public informers? Yes! Guardians of the people's rights to know? Yes! Moulders of opinion? Yes! But not public "servants!"

A servant is a person without a will of his own. He is subject to the command of others. God forbid the free American press should ever become the servant of any group or individual, for all the freedoms guaranteed by our Constitution, freedom of the press is the only one which can preserve the others.

It is the responsibility of every newspaper worthy of the name to print facts, not fiction; to confine its news columns to news, not opinion, and to dedicate itself to building more than to destroying.

What the editor thinks about any given subject should never interfere with his objective handling of the news. Responsible journalism demands that he confine his personal thinking to by-lined columns or to the editorial page itself.

In order to accomplish its objectives, a newspaper must be financially solvent and cannot be dedicated to any cause not in the best interest of the people. This is as true on the grassroots level of the country weekly as it is in the vast domain of the metropolitan daily.

The separation of the news department from the revenue-producing ones must be sharply defined, for a newspaper which lives in fear of economic rebuttal or reprisal cannot possibly exercise editorial freedom or meet its reportorial obligation to the public.

By the same token, the act of printing a story carries with it the responsibility to report correctly and without bias. Just as objective reporting can do widespread good, inaccurate reporting can bring untold hardship upon the innocent.

Not enviable is the lot of the dedicated publisher. He must not let his judgment of right or wrong be influenced by personal friendship or monetary gain. Obviously, not every person is that incorruptible. Thankfully, the vast majority are, and their publications have written glowing pages in the annals of press freedom.

People have a right to expect their newspapers to be free and independent. They have a right to demand it in fact, for only in this respect might newspapers be considered public servants.

Should the day ever come that people of this land can no longer believe the truth of what they read in the public press, newspapers will have failed miserably in their obligation. By then, however, our nation will no doubt be too far down the road to oblivion to make any difference.

The obligation of the American press to be free, strong and courageous is the greatest responsibility with which it is charged; for upon this assignment rests the very cornerstone of our Democracy. An informed public will almost invariably react correctly. One not informed cannot accurately choose its path. It is this pitfall which the free press must help the American people avoid.

## Opinions of Others

"A recent survey reveals that America's teen-agers spend fourteen billion dollars a year . . . marry at the rate of a million per year . . . own one-fifth of the nation's automobiles and . . . purchase \$500 million worth of cosmetics each year. . . . The day of the 25-cent allowance is gone forever, and a new affluent society of young people is a reality. Controlling their behavior and teaching them good manners and responsibility is the challenge facing this country—if our way of life is to be vindicated."—West Bend (Wis.) News.

## When I'm Wearing This Disguise -



JAMES DORAIS

## Teachers Find Federal Questionnaires a Chore

The life of a public school teacher has never been an easy one. And it is not getting any easier as the years go on.

According to theory, the advantage of universal public education in a democracy is that literate citizens can think independently, make intelligent decisions in their private lives, and govern themselves effectively.

It is the teacher's unique and immensely challenging job to guide each generation, step by step, from young childhood to adulthood, through the long difficult process of becoming reasonably educated, thinking people, in order to help make those goals of orderly civilization possible.

One would think that that is an important enough assignment, and that in the enormous area of social problems, there would be ample room for the related efforts of parents, churchmen, social workers, politicians and policemen.

But in any era, there is always a clamor to solve the current problems of the day

by simply turning them over to the public schools. And today, many people seem to feel that the problem of balancing civil rights with civic responsibilities is primarily a matter of structuring school attendance.

To some, the problem of defacto racial segregation can be solved by bussing children to achieve an exact racial balance among all district schools. Others argue for the preservation of the neighborhood school concept, while still others would abandon small school attendance centers in favor of a single, many storied school complex for an entire city.

U.S. Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel writes in a national magazine that it is myth that "the children of poverty and discrimination are not merely difficult to teach but virtually unteachable."

Few responsible teachers would argue with that unremarkable statement, but from the statement has emerged an argument over whether average scores on

achievement tests from individual schools should be made public. Those arguing in favor of publicizing test results believe it would "prove" some schools are inferior; those arguing against it believe children from low-scoring schools would be unfairly labeled inferior.

It is hard to escape the suspicion that all this controversy—and the enormous amount of time devoted to it—is adversely affecting the basic goal of educating children.

Last week Contra Costa's Mount Diablo Unified School District withdrew from a national survey project on educational opportunities for members of minority races. The district had no quarrel with the purpose of the survey but felt the Federal Office of Education questionnaires were so complex they would cut too deeply into the teaching time of teachers and the learning time of students.

One school district, at least, seems to be impatient to get on with the important job of education. It is not too hard to imagine that thousands of dedicated teachers in many other districts feel the same way.

## We Quote . . .

"This society complicates itself, the problems that bother people are going to be solved. If the industrial hierarchy—the people who have the power and the money and the influence—do not attempt to solve these problems, then they'll be solved by the government in default. And whatever the government decides that you will do to help solve them, you will have to live with it.—Richard M. Nixon.

You can always tell a well informed person—his ideas are the same as yours.—Tony Beebe in the Spencerville (Ohio) Journal.

Industry cooperation is not made easier by the emotionalism with which the matter (air and water pollution) is now charged—an emotionalism we can expect to see intensified. Some writers, politicians, and even research people have found that strong words on pollution are a short route to attention. We must not permit the job ahead of us in air and water conservation—either its size or its complexity—to become obscured by rash statements and fanciful notions. Clear water and clear air will only come about through clear thinking.—Frank N. Ikard, president of American Petroleum Institute.

## Morning Report:

Before the Associated Press comes up with its traditional "Ten Greatest Stories of the Year," I would like to nominate the "Most Forgotten Event of 1965." For those who didn't remember—and their number is legion, plus one, me—1965 was "International Cooperation Year."

Let's face it. The year was a bust. Wars all over the lot. And I think the promoters are responsible. They had lots of fine ideals but no moxie.

They failed to pick a Miss International Cooperation. Any event has to start out with a queen—dressed in a smile and little more. The idea is you would then look at the girl and think of international cooperation. It's easier that way.

Abe Mellinkoff

## HERB CAEN SAYS:

### Chanel No. 5 Propelled First French Satellite

TOP SECRET: Recently France lofted her very first satellite into space, but since so few details were released to the press, I put one of my overseas agents on the job. He proved equal to the assignment. Therefore, I am able to report exclusively that the propellant was a mixture of Chanel No. 5, Hollandaise sauce and a rather ordinary Chateau-neuf-du-Pape. The satellite itself weighed 88 pounds, 43 of which was Strasbourg pate de foie gras, the rest being truffles and shallots to which a gallon of white wine had been added. The propellant was cooked at 450 degrees for three hours and rose heavily (France's second satellite Souffle II, is expected to rise faster). The chief designer on the project, Yves Saint Laurent, told my agent that cutting the missile on the bias, replacing the buttons with a zipper and adding a pepium may improve the performance next time. Copies will be available at Onbach's in New York and Macy's here. End of report.

BUT THEN: Everybody's got troubles, especially Photoplay magazine. Its latest issue carries an impassioned diatribe by Comedienne Phyllis Diller at her ex-husband, Sherwood (Fang) Diller—in which she accuses him of being a lazy, shiftless feller who "really bugs me," "never took me anywhere," was always saying "You're never gonna make it," and so on. But the popper is the by-line on the piece: Ward Donovan,

the name of the actor who has since married Phyllis. The Photoplay editors say they "have no idea" how Donovan's name appeared and that the story was actually written by one Bob Lucas. Anyway, Donovan is sore enough to sue.

SCREENSTARS Jimmy Stewart and Ernie Borgnine popped into town for the first sneak preview ANYWHERE, thence, of "Flight of the Phoenix" . . . And you bring the ducks: Ben Swig flew to N'Orleans to buy the big Roosevelt Hotel, and ran into Vice-Pres. Hubert Humphrey. "Have dinner with me tonight," invited Hube, and Ben accepted. Turned out to be a \$100-a-plate fund-raiser, and Ben laid down the 100 frogs. Last week at the Fairmont, Ben again had dinner with Humphrey—for another \$190. Ben to Hube: "I don't know how much longer I can afford our close friendship" . . . Ken Venturi, who returns to the golfing wars this month (first outing since his Mayo Clinic treatments) has been consulting Jimmy Grippio, the hypnotist at Las Vegas' Desert Inn. The gimmick: post-hypnotic suggestion to increase Ken's self-confidence ("I can break 100, I can, I CAN!")

NOTES & QUOTES: Know what they quoted out for prizes at the big national bridge tournament here? Green stamps! And when Charles Goren went to the Hilton to claim his award—

three and a half books of stamps—he had trouble getting them. The gal in charge had never heard of the greatest name in bridge . . . Helen Hagan, the tournament bridge player (another Green Stamp winner) chatting of this and that: "Last time I was here I booked a flight to Guadalajara—and I THOUGHT it took an awfully long time to get there. Wouldja believe it, I was in Guatemala City for three days before I found out I was in the wrong place?" (As I keep telling you, bridge players are nuts) . . . Not only do those new 25-cent pieces look, feel and sound phony, they turn black. Actually, contends a friend, they're old pennies squeezed between old nickels, and as such are worth only 11 cents. If that . . . Lighting up a dark corner of Trader Vic's at noon: The glamorous Kay Spreckels Gable, Clark Gable's widow. "Here," she said, holding out her milk coat, "reach into the pocket." I did and a mousetrap clamped down on my finger. "When I left Los Angeles today," she explained merrily, "my four-year-old son gave me the mousetrap as a going-away present." Oh . . . Same day, same time, Joe DiMaggio was lurching alone at Reno's on Poststreet—and is that a way for a guy to celebrate his 51st birthday? . . . Same day, same time, different place, Phyllis Diller was telling Mike Connolly she had to have her new 18-carat ring cut down. "It was so big," she said, "I kept getting Channel 9 on it."

## ROYCE BRIER

### Sino-Soviet Domination Of World Was Delusion

Back in the McCarthy days it was fashionable in the West to express alarm at the growth of world communism.

When the communists seized the Chinese mainland, it was noted that about 900 million people were under communist rule, that the number had tripled since the war.

The hypothesis was that in due time these several peoples strewn over half the globe land mass would combine to overthrow the capitalist system by sheer weight of numbers, and that in, say, 25 years, we would all be slaves.

The redoubtable Senator subscribed to this theory,

offering his testimony that a few tens of thousands of communists and fellow travelers in the United States were softening us to make the conquest easier. Some millions of Americans fell for it.

Indeed, anybody who suggested the grand logistics of this childish delusion was nonsense, was likely to make the Senator's book of subversives.

Notwithstanding, the practical obstacles to any Soviet-Chinese conquest of the rest of us, were on their face insurmountable.

Two allies who have no common communications and supply lines cannot wage a massive war against

an antagonist. They may be formidable enough separately, but that is all. In this case the Soviet Union was formidable. Red China was not, and technologically could not become formidable for many years.

Nor had they common interests, even against the Western "imperialists." In theory they had similar Marxist ideologies, and the same longing to dominate the earth, but it soon developed that their ideologies were at loggerheads.

Moreover, they had a conflict of land interests which was insoluble, covering all of central and northern Asia. As both were land peoples, these divisions were ineradicable. So the schism broke into the open within ten years, and Nikita Khrushchev was the instrument.

His successors attempted to end the schism, but it was futile. The Mao regime stepped up its abuse of Moscow, finally charged a sell-out, a conspiracy between Moscow and Washington to rule the world.

For a year the Kremlin leadership didn't reply, hoping the bad dream would go away. It didn't. Recently it replied in Pravda. It had refrained from "open polemics" in the interests of the "international communist movement."

But: "Unfortunately the Soviet communist party . . . met with no positive response from the Chinese communist leaders." On the contrary, the Peking regime continued a policy of "splitting the communist movement," and launched "fierce attacks on the Soviet Union in the spirit of the worst examples of anti-communist propaganda."

The reality was the Chinese posed as the Marxist-Leninist heirs, and the Russians say they are the heirs. So has passed the menace, so-called, of world subjugation by a monolithic combination of several peoples with diverse interests, aims and backgrounds. It never was a menace because history and ideas don't develop that way.

## WILLIAM HOGAN

### Veteran Critic Dissects Trends of Past 15 Years

In some 50 years of working in the literary vineyards, Edmund Wilson has become the closest thing we have to an American Samuel Johnson. He is our leading man of Letters, whose feats of showmanship as a critic are legendary.

In a famous New Yorker review of "Doctor Zhivago," for instance, Wilson went to the heart of the matter by examining the translation against the subtleties of the Russian original, which of course he had read first. Again, before he launched his scholarly report on the Dead Sea Scrolls he mastered the Hebrew language.

Such audacious performances are the high-wire acts of criticism. But it has been Edmund Wilson's solid year to year, decade to decade performance as the authoritative, uncompromising arbiter in the literary arena that has confirmed his as unquestioned top dog in this cerebral specialty. He is, beyond that, almost always a joy to read, as I am re-

minded again on another collection of his work, "The Bit Between My Teeth," a literary chronicle 1950-65.

A Wilson fan—and there are fans, unlikely as it may seem, of highly polished critics—might enjoy re-reading much of this erudite and magically lucid collection of literary papers. It is a dissection of writers, books, trends, literary phenomena. There is the long essay on the vogue of the Marquis de Sade; a reconsideration of the work of James Branch Cabell, or a discussion on the movie columnist Sheila Graham's reminiscences, "Beloved Infidel," which described her relationship in his last years with Wilson's old Princeton friend F. Scott Fitzgerald. (Wilson very much approved of Miss Graham's contribution to the Fitzgerald saga.)

Other pieces on George Ade, Mario Praz, T. S. Eliot, Wilson's occasional testy and amusing interviews with himself. The show proceeds

at a dizzy pace. A brilliant performer in a variety of genres, Wilson stays independent of "school," cliques, academic log-rolling and other petty practices of lesser specialists in the high-brow critical fraternity.

"The Bit Between My Teeth" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$7.50) is the third collection of Wilson's occasional papers. It follows "The Shores of Light," a literary chronicle of the 1920's and '30s, and "Classics and Commercials," a similar survey of the literary 1940s. The publishers have made the three volumes available in a boxed set (\$18.50). One cannot imagine a mass sale of such highly refined merchandise. Yet for a limited audience which finds the literary arena as exciting as others find a heavyweight boxing match in Nevada, this ringside seat is a bargain. And as artist, artisan, literary historian and indeed superb entertainer, Edmund Wilson at 70 is again winner and still champion.